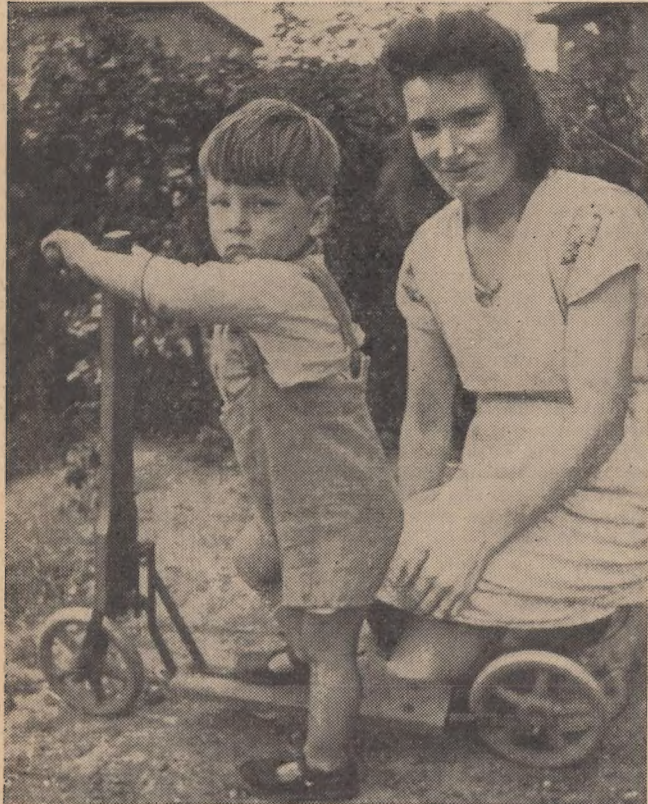


The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Code Message for A.B. Gordon Sawyer

ARE you still getting A.R.P. back for your next anniversary? A.B. Gordon Sawyer? If you're not managing it where you are, the "Wellington" and the "Star" are waiting for you back home!

Your sister-in-law's friend Eva Bond, gave us the gen on that abbreviation when we called at 77, Hazlemere-road, Upton Lea, Slough, to get some news and a picture for you.

A.R.P.—though not the same as that mentioned previously—is providing a new reason for your nephew, Alan, to get grimy. The air raid shelter has been removed and Alan makes merry in the hollow where it used to be. It is his favourite playground, and all his implements are in depot there.

Although Alan did agree to being photographed, he was too shy to give us a special message for you, but his mother did for herself and on his behalf.

She sends very best wishes to you from Hazlemere-road, and from brothers Cyril and Roy, and she said also that she would like to have letters from you much more often.

If Alan was shy, Bob, that jet-black, nine-year-old mouser, was a true recluse. Alan did all he could to get him in the picture, but Bob would not submit and your nephew had to give up trailing him. Still, you can rest assured that he is still going strong and is as lively as ever.

Your sister-in-law sent you a greetings card for your birthday, which she hopes you received, but in case you didn't she takes this opportunity of wishing you the best of luck, and hopes you will be

No. 29 Greets Sto. Henry Isted

A sandy-coloured, long-haired, mass of wriggling vitality welcomed us on the doorstep of 29, Martin-crescent, West Croydon, and just as we began to be overwhelmed by his overtures, your Mother arrived home from work to rescue us, Stoker Henry Isted. Once inside, however, we felt safe and could concentrate on getting some news for you.

First thing we noticed was a staff leaning nonchalantly against the wall under the dartboard. This, your mother told us, belonged to Frank, but as he wasn't around, she imagined that he was out being a wolf-cub somewhere.

Frank had a birthday recently and he had a real Victory party to celebrate, complete with a cake and candles.

Your father was expected home any time when we called, and, as a happy coincidence, the builders had at last complied with your mother's requests, and were decorating the ceilings, which would no

doubt be ready for his return. Fred, who, as you know, has been in hospital through going too fast in a jeep, is now on the mend.

He had sent your mother a lovely bouquet of flowers all the way from Italy and she



had them in a vase on the table when we called.

Though your mother is still continuing her work, she is looking forward to retiring when you all return, and she sincerely hopes this won't be long now!

Stuart Martin writes on American Crime

She Heard Death Call Her Name on Radio

I WANT to tell you of the terrible ordeal of Mrs. Anna Antonio, the 29-year-old mother of three children, who walked an extra long "last mile" in Ossining prison. No comment will come from me; only facts.

Salvatore Antonio, her husband, who was a dope peddler and something of an underground rail, was found shot and stabbed on Easter morning, 1932, on the roadside near Albany, New York. He did not take long to die after he was hoisted to hospital.

The cops arrested Mrs. Antonio and two men named Saetta and Feraci. The charge was that the men had done the slaying, Mrs. Antonio had hired them to do it. Motive? To collect about £1,000 insurance which Salvatore carried on his life.

The three were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed on May 29th, 1933. Attorneys began to fight for her on various grounds. The fight lasted fifteen months, but ultimately the highest legal authority in U.S.A.—the Court of Appeals—dismissed the defences. It was decided to execute the three on June 28th, 1934.

Executions at Ossining generally take place late at night. Mrs. Antonio's three children, Phyllis, aged nine, Marie, aged seven, and Frankie, aged three, came to the Death Row to bid her good-bye that afternoon. Her brother brought them; and after he had gone and taken the children off, the prison barber came to "trim her hair." The barber was still at work when the witnesses began to arrive. By law, there must be witnesses.

Bob Elliott came, too, to test his current. The guards were waiting in the execution room as the clock approached the eleventh hour—death hour. The matrons stood in the corridor, ready to take Anna to the chair. A priest was with her. Down on her knees in her cell, Mrs. Antonio was praying.

Less than five minutes to eleven, Vincent Saetta, who was in Death Row, let out a yell to a guard that he wanted to speak to Warden Lawes.

The guard asked what it was. Saetta yelled that it was something most important and had to do with Anna Antonio. There wasn't a flash of time to be lost, said Saetta. The guard went for the Warden.

I knew Warden Lewis E. Lawes. He was one of the finest, most considerate men who ever handled prisoners. One day I may tell you about him. Meantime he came on the jump to the cells.

Saetta, under death sentence himself, said his piece. Mrs. Antonio, he said, was innocent, and the sole responsibility for the murder was on Feraci and himself. They had planned it and carried it out after a quarrel about money with Salvatore. Anna never hired them at all. She knew nothing about it. This was a death-hour confession by himself and Feraci.

Eleven o'clock struck. The executions should have begun; but Warden Lawes held things up. (The newspapers all over the country were waiting for the flash of the death scenes, and presses were ready to run.) Into the execution room stalked a guard.

"The executions have been temporarily delayed, boys," he announced. He wouldn't say more.

Warden Lawes meanwhile was hanging on to the long-distance wire which connects the prison with the State House. He got the governor to order the delay. Then a complete statement of what Saetta said was relayed over.

All this time Mrs. Anna Antonio was still on her knees. She didn't know that time was moving, that her death-hour had come and gone. Actually, she had no knowledge of "time."

An hour passed. The priest was wondering. Everybody was wondering. Mrs. Anna looked up, sensed there was something amiss, was allowed to sit on a chair. She was holding herself by a tremendous effort. All tension.

At one o'clock in the morning the Warden came to say that the governor had granted a 24-hour stay to give him time to study the situation.

Mrs. Anna Antonio fell down in a dead faint.

The doctor brought her round after a long time. Anna said, when she could speak, that she now felt she would never sit in the chair. God would never let her die that way since she was innocent.

During the 24 hours came another message from the governor. He extended the stay to a week to allow the defence lawyers to ask for a new trial. The appeal was thereupon made to the judge who had passed sentence. He refused the motion. Appeal was made to the highest court. They, too, refused the motion.

The week's stay was slipping by. Almost at the last day the defence appealed again on the ground that they had new evidence to state. But before they put forward this document on Saetta's statement, Saetta himself had received the last rites of his religion from the priest. And just before he was sent to the chair another reprieve came from the governor. The date of the triple execution was changed to August 9th.

The lawyers persevered, and a new judge consented to hear the plea for a new trial, largely on the basis of a statement by the priest who had administered the last rites to Salvatore Antonio.

The hearing came through on August 9th. The judge dismissed the motion for a new trial. That meant the fate of the three rested with the governor alone.

When Mrs. Anna was told, she said to one of the matrons: "I've been through enough to kill a million people. I'm almost dead now. At times I feel as though I'm not breathing."

And she looked it. Her only food for days had been sips of coffee. During the fifteen months of her prison life she had lost nearly two stones in weight. She now weighed about six stones.

She had not been able to sleep. The night before the execution was fixed for, she was given sedatives to make her sleep. They didn't. She sat on her bed, staring. Just staring. Now and then she showed signs of drowsiness. But she always awakened with a scream—and sat staring again.

The matrons asked her if there was anything she would like for her last meal. She just waved her hands helplessly, waved them up and down.

Dawn came, her last dawn. She still sat staring. The matrons tried to rouse her out of her trance. All her reply was bursts of hysterical weeping.

Now and then she sprang up and uttered a single, piercing scream. Then drop back—and stare.

In the afternoon of that day they persuaded her to step out into the corridor and sit there. They provided a radio and set it going. Anna sat not far from it, maybe listening, maybe not.

During the programme the music was suddenly interrupted and a commentator's voice spoke thus: "Latest news from Albany! Mrs. Antonio must die to-night in the electric chair! The governor has refused further reprieve."

It was out before anyone realised what was being said. A matron ran out and switched the thing off.

Mrs. Anna sat still, staring down the corridor. Her eyes gradually became wild. She seemed to undergo an awful change somewhere within her brain. The matron put her hands on her arm, then put her arms about the wretched woman. But Anna screamed. "I am deserted! They

have all left me! Only God can help me now!"

They got her into her cell again, somehow. She became suddenly quiet, statuesque. She sat very still.

The clock ticked the hours away. Her brother called to see her, with a friend. Mrs. Anna shook her head.

"Thank them for coming," she said. "I just want to be quiet."

Only once did she move. It was to ask the matron to send her little daughter a dress she had made in prison, and a box of candies.

But little Frankie came. He was too young to know things. The Warden let him see his mother. Mrs. Anna looked at him, saw him playing in the corridor with a new ball. Frankie laughed and gurgled with delight when the ball rolled away down the stone floor.

Mrs. Anna held out an apple to him. "Here is a new ball, Frankie," she said. "Never mind the other."

Frankie took the apple. "Ma, you can't fool me. It's an apple, not a ball."

She put her arms round him,



"This time I remembered my tools, but forgot myself!"

kissed him good-bye, asked him to be a good boy when he grew up. And little Frankie went away.

The barber came again and cropped her hair. When he had finished she put on a black dress she had made in her cell. One of the matrons had washed and ironed it for her.

She was told it was time. She walked slowly to the chair, matrons beside her. "I have nothing on my conscience," she said. "I never killed anyone."

She knelt and prayed again. "Are you ready, child?" asked the priest.

"Ready?" she murmured. She had the chair at her back. She stepped backward, felt for the arms, sat down.

The straps were fastened. Matrons stood in front so that even the witnesses should not see.

And then—they carried her body away. The ordeal of Mrs. Anna Antonio was ended—at last.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Gambler's Last Throw

Concluding the 2-day short story
"THE BELL OF BONATURA"

BEESON, his voice firm and thrilling, broke the silence. "There is no reason why he should not be able to hear some save one thing; and that thing is deafness," he said. "His deafness is was not to be thought of. He had come to Bonatura because he was keenly interested in tropical medicine. It was valuable training ground for him. His ambition was to remain with the work, as others had done before him. Time and again he had carried on conversations with Peter Joseph, and always the conversation had come round to Lola. "She is royalty," was the favourite phrase of Peter Joseph. All night Beeson lay trying to think out a plan whereby she might be saved from her promise. He saw no way out, yet it was possible that Peter Joseph might see on your way to Peter Joseph, a way. Beeson resolved to go up to the tower on the hill next day and talk the affair over. It was just before noon when he started out. As he entered the soft wind, which usually came from the Sierra, or from the flat sea, had dropped. The breeze was setting in from the north, one of the unusual winds of Bonatura. He ploughed through the swamp, leaping from boulder to boulder, which had been placed by the labourers to aid them in their movements. There were no trees in the field save a few bare, dry trunks at the edges. The call of a bird came to him from one of these trees. He heard a great rustle of wings and looked up in time to see a flock rise from the fields. "Rice birds! What raised them, I wonder?" The words, which he uttered unconsciously, brought back Lola's warning to him with strange emphasis. "When the

rice birds rise, go in the direction they fly!" He stood on a boulder watching, only his white helmet above the grain. The birds were settling again. A few took up a place of vantage on the dry trunk of a shattered tree. These were the sentinels of the flock whose duty it was to notify their comrades of danger. From the dry trunk they had a view of the entire fields over which they watched while their friends fed. Beeson knew the habits of the birds roughly, but when the flock rose once more at the shrill call of alarm from the sentinels, he knew it was not he they were afraid of.

Someone else was there along the rice. He took off his hat and held it by his side and crouched so that only his face appeared above the stalks. He watched the birds wheel above the field and alight on a blighted tree a good mile off. The direction was not exactly the one he had intended to go, but, remembering Lola's word, he started off that way. He had covered about half the distance when he heard the sentinel birds call again. The swamp was in bad condition where he stood. Rocks and boulders were fewer and the ground was marshy and soft. He waited until the birds had alighted again, and as he watched he saw in the distance the glint of a steel rod above the rice.

It was the barrel of a gun. Beeson stared at it, wondering who was the individual who was treading the fields. Manuel Pasco? He did not have much time to think for a puff of smoke belched up and a bullet whistled

over his head. He knew that the unseen hunter was indeed the dice-thrower. He ducked and started off as fast as he could in the direction in which the rice birds were once more settling. Leaping from stone to stone, splashing into the morass up to his knees, he raced along. He knew he was racing for his love to Lola. You are bleeding to death. You are dead already, are you not?"

The hand seized his shoulder again, wrenching him on his back and Beeson swooned from pain. It certainly seemed as if he was dead. Pasco peered into his face, noting the closed eyes and the still muscles. He let the body of Beeson slide into the water and made his way through the reeds towards the hill on which the tower stood grim and dull.

As he began to climb the rugged rock formation at the bottom of the hill he looked up and saw Peter Joseph looking down. The old man stood by the side of his shack, his shoulder leaning against the corner beams. He did not move while Pasco climbed up and hailed him. "If you weren't deaf, old man," he cried, "I'd be saved the trouble of writing what I want to say to you. Where's the slate?"

Peter Joseph did not move. Pasco found the slate on the turf, where he had broken it. Lifting the largest piece he took a sharp piece of rock and began to scribble. Peter Joseph looked over his elbow. The words Pasco had written were: "Is the bar right for a boat? Lola and I are off to Huacho to be married." Peter took the sharp piece of rock and turned the slate round. (Continued on Page 3)

Quick as Beeson ducked the dice-thrower was quicker. Beeson saw the flash and simultaneously something struck him in the chest with the force of a fore-hammer. He went down among the reeds. He had fallen across a stone, his face almost touching the foul water of the marsh. Everything seemed white and sick and blurred. He saw the blood from his wound running down the stone and mingling with the dark water. Vaguely he heard someone ploughing through the reeds and then a voice cut across his misty brain. "Did I not tell you the bell would be rung for you?" It was the voice of the dice-

Half an hour later Beeson emerged from the shack, with Peter Joseph at his heels. Lola and he took their departure in silence, leaving the old man beside his tower, gazing out towards the hurtling surf. They took the straight road across the neck of land, going through the swamps beside the rice fields. They spoke, little on the way, for Beeson was ill at ease. He could not prevent Lola from marrying Pasco; had the girl not given her word?

To cover the awkwardness of the conversation he told her of the attempt he was making to cure Peter Joseph.

Answers to Quiz in No. 729

QUIZ for today

1. What is the difference between annoy and aggravate?
2. For what do the letters U.D.C. stand?
3. What does "stead" mean in town-names like Hampstead?
4. What was the original language of the Old Testament?
5. By how many hours is Nova Scotia behind or ahead of Greenwich time?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Liverpool, Cardiff, Southampton, Swansea, Glasgow, Dover.

1. Iterate is to repeat; irritate is to annoy.
2. Oxford University Dramatic Society.
3. Meadow.
4. 27.
5. Two hours ahead.
6. Elgar is English; others are German.



Jack Greenall
Says:
Ain't
Nature
Wonderful!

THE CAT.
IN England I learn the wild cat is extinct, but is still found in Scotland. Huh! Catch me looking for one if I were a Scot!

Cats are supposed to have nine lives; the sands of my Tom are running perilously low. The home of the cat is called the tiles. Here, under a full moon, he waits his ruddy head off till the entire neighbourhood has gone crackers. A cat belongs to any misguided fat-head who keeps his dinner-pail filled at the ready.

Cats wash themselves all over, then make whoopee in the coal-bin, by this they are known as clean animals. They like a warm place, and are told to go to one often!

Cats love to muzzle, and have large families. The family is called a litter. Their maternity home is generally your best Sunday tiff. All cats are murderers. Didn't know this, did you? But if you keep a cat, they are. Female cats are for ever having kittens. No sign is ever seen of the old man.

The cat was known in Ancient Egypt. The Ancient Egyptians could have done us a spot of good here. I mean the Nile was handy and stone quarries were ten-a-penny.

Black cats, we are told, bring good luck. House-mice refuse to share this illusion.

Alex Crack

One of the best Kitchener stories is told by Major-General Nigel Woodyat, C.B., in his book, "Under Ten Viceroys: Reminiscences of a Gurka."

A woman friend was twitting Kitchener one day about his supposed dislike of her sex, when he interrupted her by saying that he did not dislike them at all.

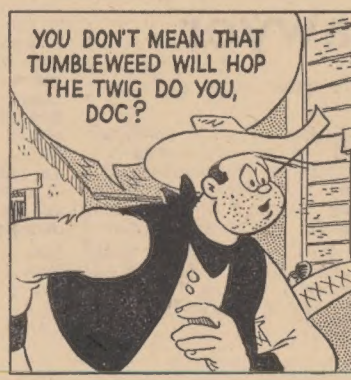
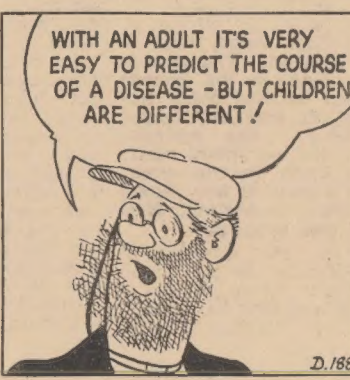
"Anyway," said his friend, "you must confess you always keep them at a distance."

"Perhaps," answered K., "but you know the old proverb, 'Familiarity breeds contempt.'"

"Well, Lord Kitchener," remarked the lady, "it takes a certain amount of familiarity to breed anything."

Kitchener's reply to that is not recorded.

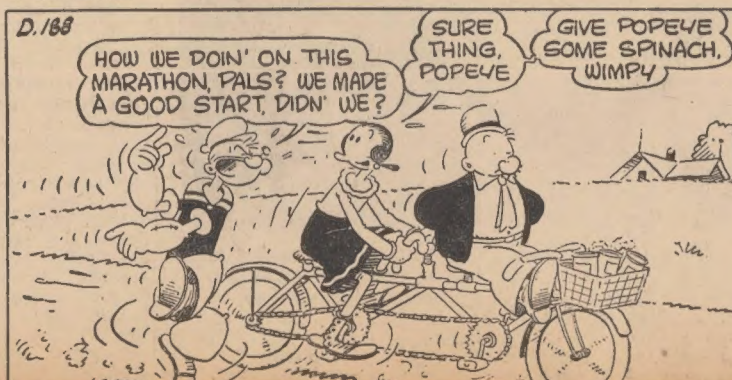
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Gambler's Last Throw

(Continued from Page 2)

Old Peter Joseph stood by the side of his shack and watched Pasco disappear round a shoulder of the hill. He saw him again as he emerged, a tiny dot against the foliage on the river bank by the village.

He kept his eyes on him as he followed by the Peruvian, and as entered a boat and pushed off, he went he muttered to himself, hoisting the sail. The boat knowing that Peter Joseph did not gathered speed from the north hear, for Peter Joseph was deaf, wind and made straight for the "I need some oil for my boat thundering bar.

lamp, old man, and I'll take yours. It will be night before we reach Huacho. If you only knew that the man who dared to love Lola is lying in the rice field dead! Your deafness saves your life, Peter Joseph."

He went off down the hill towards the village where his boat lay.

and carried him up to the top of the hill and laid him down.

"Peter Joseph," cried the girl, as she sank to the ground and pillowed Beeson's head in her lap, "do not tell me he will die. It was Pasco who did this thing. I have been watching him..."

The old Peruvian lifted the head of Beeson and wiped the blood from his shoulder. Beeson opened his eyes, and, seeing, Peter Joseph and the girl, smiled.

"He will live, Lola," said Peter Joseph. "You have saved him. I too saw the hunt. And Manuel Pasco has been here."

"He has been here! Then he will return for me!"

"He will not return. Look, Lola, and you who are her lover. Look!"

Something in the old man's voice caused them both to look at him; then at his outstretched arm; then at the object to which he pointed.

The boat in which Manuel Pasco sailed was near the bar. Now it was lifted by the surf and thrown backward. Now the race of the river, threw it forward.

It hit the bar and shivered as the raging surf beat down on it, smashing its timbers to fragments and dragging it under with their mighty blows.

"Peter Joseph!" cried Lola suddenly. "What is the matter with you?"

For answer the old man lifted his finger and pointed towards the tower. The ropes were loosened and the bell was swinging in the north wind.

The north wind caught the bell of Bonatura and its deep voice boomed out, telling as far as Huacho, that Manuel Pasco, the dice gambler, was dead.

END.

Wangling Words No. 669

1. Behead a tool and get a long thing that has no turning.
2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: everdeyopiosyouhaveoceowed.
3. What common climbing plant can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Ladies dressed in frills and — should not attempt to — walls.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 668

1. S-Hove.
2. Remember me to your mother, Maud.
3. YEW, LIME, ELM.
4. Cried, cider.



"Going bankrupt won't be so bad, I shall always have you!"

JANE



...YERSE, I WAS DEMOBBERD-GAMMY LEG, Y'KNOW—AND GOT A JOB IN PAXHAVEN—BUT NO JOLLY OLD DOMICILE—NO BED AND BOARD—NOT A BIJOU VILLA TO BE HAD...



YES—I KNOW THE HOUSING SHORTAGE IS PRETTY GRIM.



WELL, ALL THESE BUNGS WERE EMPTY—GOING TO WASTE—SO—DASHED CHEEK, I SUPPOSE—I JUST MOVED INTO "BLIGHTY"—LOCK, STOCK AND—AH!—BOTTLE!—BUNG-HO!



JANE!—THE POLICE ARE COMING ON A BIKE!

RUGGLES



HANG IT ALL, OLD BOY—THERE'S A CATCH SOMEWHERE—WHAT DID YOU DO ON THE TEST RUN?



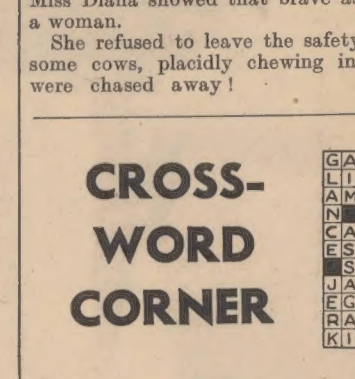
WE FILLED THE TANK—STOPPED FOR A DRINK—AND...



THAT'S IT, LADDIE—WHEN YOU STOPPED AT THE PUB A PAL OF BRIT'S CAME ALONG AND SLOSHED SOME PETROL INTO YOUR TANK!



ONLY ONE THING TO DO—ASK BRIT TO FIX ANOTHER TEST!



I JUST WANT YOU TO CONVINCE MY FRIEND PEPPERCORN THAT 'PLUS-PET' DOUBLES THE M.P.G.

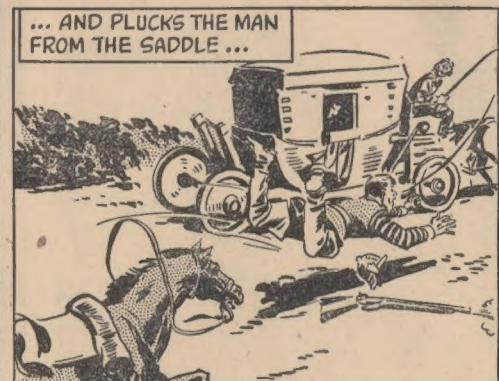
GARTH



AS THE ROUNDHEAD RAISES HIS CARBINE TO FIRE...



...GARTH LASHES OUT WITH HIS WHIP...

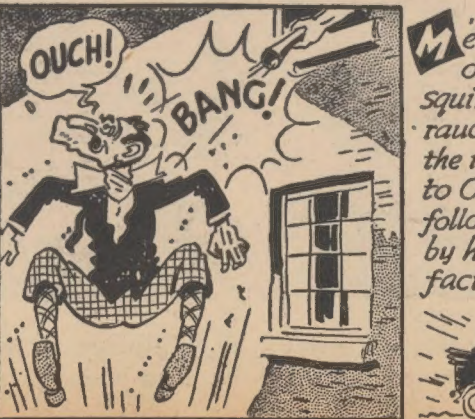


... AND PLUCKS THE MAN FROM THE SADDLE ...

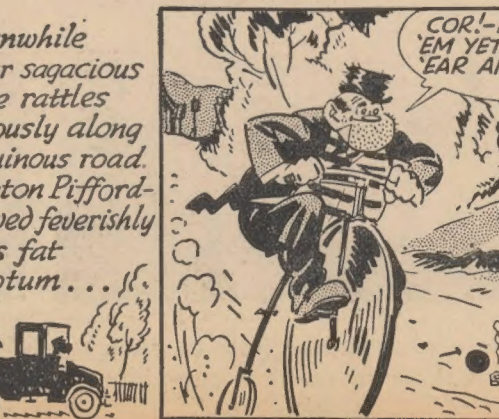
JUST JAKE



BY JUPITER!—I'LL SET THE LAW IN MOTION—AND RAISE SUCH A CLOUD OF TORTS ABOUT YOUR HEAD...



OUCH! BANG!



COR!—I CAN'T SEE 'EM YET—BUT I CAN EAR AN' SMELL 'EM!

Mind! Diana—Cows!

ONE of the most expert short-distance ferry fliers is a woman—Miss Diana Ramsey, 27-years-old Air Transport Auxiliary pilot. For five years or so her job has been to take our fastest fighter planes from factory to airfields.

She's had various excitements during her career, but after a recent experience she counts herself a very lucky girl.

Coming down on an airfield in a Tempest fighter, she was horrified to discover that the throttle had jammed at 130 miles an hour. There was nothing else to do but cut off the engine and take pot luck. The plane streaked across the airfield, ran for another two miles over fields, hit two trees—knocking one of them down—went across a ploughed field where it lost its tailplane, and crashed into a copse.

When Miss Diana looked round she found that most of the plane had been left on the trees as it passed, and that the cockpit was about all left of it. A fire wagon and an ambulance which had chased the plane arrived as she climbed out of the cockpit, a little bruised and scratched but smiling.

But as the party got to the edge of the copse, Miss Diana showed that brave as she is, she is still a woman.

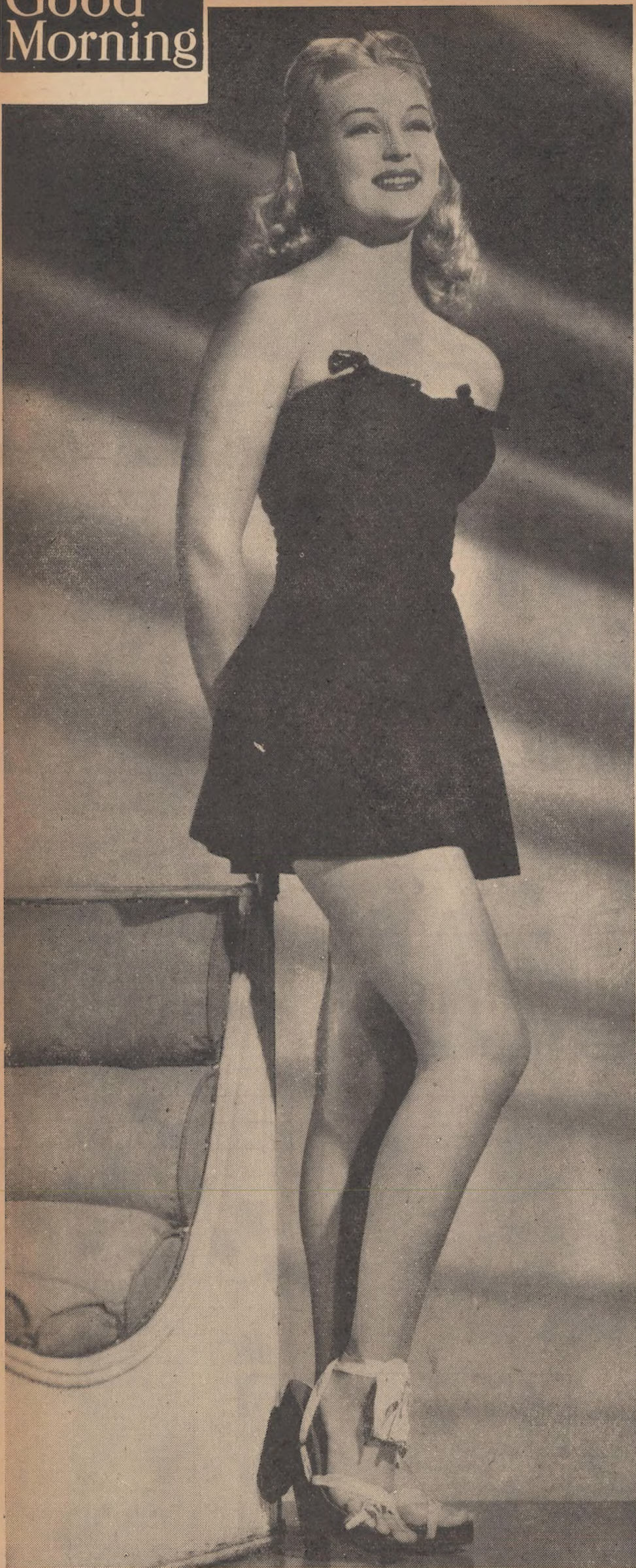
She refused to leave the safety of the trees until some cows, placidly chewing in the field nearby, were chased away!

CROSS-WORD CORNER

GASKET SCAR
LIP VITIATE
AMUSED PROP
N RURAL EMU
CATS LACE T
ESSAY PURSE
S NAMED T
JAG KILDOARE
EGRESS IBID
RAIN TWELVE
KINDLY SEEN

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9		10		11			12
13			14				
15			16		17		
18			19	20		21	22
	23	24				25	
26	27		28			29	30
	31	32		33	34		
35			36		37		
38				39			
	40					41	

- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Soak. 4 Went swiftly. 9 Break out. 11 Forgo. 13 Anger. 14 Recluse. 15 Tell. 17 Observe. 18 Drink. 19 Collect. 21 Small weight. 23 Wished much. 26 What. 28 Recess. 29 French friend. 31 Pronoun. 33 Arouse. 35 Tolerably. 37 Irish county. 38 Replace. 39 Length. 40 March together. 41 Scottish county.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Notched. 2 Projecting window. 3 Grooved wheel. 4 Thoroughfare. 5 Female animal. 6 Indian. 7 Occasion. 8 Favourite. 10 Garden plant. 12 Opinion. 14 Gossip. 16 Carriage. 20 Recognised. 22 Brainy one. 24 Spring time. 25 N. and S. in U.S.A. 27 Lend out. 30 Gay. 32 Portable shelter. 34 Air victor. 35 For. 36 Number. 39 Politician.



On your left, glamorous Diana Mumby demonstrates how to keep a one-piece garment up by will-power. On your right, Linda Darnell demonstrates how to make a one-piece garment reveal as much as a no-piece garment.